

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOLUME XIV.

SUNDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 9, 1883.—TWELVE PAGES.

PRICE 5 CENTS

PEYTON H. SNOOK.

Over the wide world you may roam and visit every Furniture Store on the route, and you will not find anything to compare in variety, style and cheapness to my

FALL AND WINTER STOCK.

Now being daily drawn from the depots and placed on my warehouse floors. In this stock I can safely

DEFY COMPETITION

And most cordially invite the public to call and feast their eyes on the largest, finest, cheapest and only complete assortment of Furniture in the Gate City. Handsome Chamber Suits ranging in price from \$15 to \$1,000, embracing some of the richest and most elaborately hand carved work. While in Upholstered goods and Parlor Suits my stock is simply unequalled in the South. Rep and Raw Silk Suits from

\$25.00 AND UPWARDS.

In the more artistic coverings, such as plain cut Embossed and Valour Plushes, I have the first and only suits to be found in Georgia. I have also opened some handsome Rep and Raw Silk Suits that for cheapness and durability cannot be duplicated. Remember, mine is the only varied stock of Upholstered work in this market, and I propose to duplicate

NEW YORK AND CINCINNATI PRICES.

And save freight and breakage, I will also open on Monday, at hard pan, sharp cash prices

- 25 handsome Sideboards,
- 30 Folding Lounges,
- 30 Rep Lounges,
- 20 Wardrobes,
- 50 Extension Tables,
- 20 Library Tables,
- 10 Marble Tables,
- 30 Cottage Chamber Suits,
- 40 handsome Desks,
- 25 Office Revolving Chairs,
- 10 Book Cases.

With hundreds of other articles in daily use. Hotels, Court Houses and Public Buildings furnished on liberal terms. Send for Catalogue.

P. H. SNOOK

ATLANTA, GA.



A. O. M. GAY MERCHANT TAILOR

I have just received the largest and most select

stock of FINE GOODS every brought to this city.

An inspection of the same is most respectfully solicited.

A. O. M. GAY 37 PEACHTREE ST.

REAL ESTATE, STOCK AND BOND EXCHANGE.

Office at Cummings's Exchange, 37 S. Broad Street, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

J. F. CUMMINGS, Auctioneer. D. P. ELLIS, AUCTIONEERS

In Real Estate, Stocks, Bonds, all Legal Sales, Live Stock, Merchandise, and Furniture at places of business and residences.

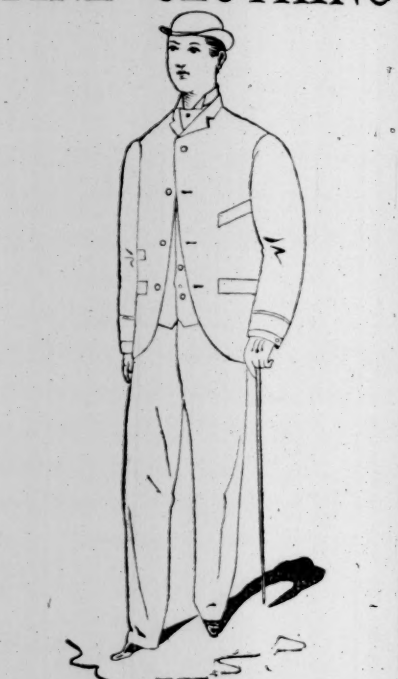
Special arrangements for sale for account itinerant traders.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Are invited to confer with us to selling their Real Estate at our office by their own auctioneers. Terms can now be made very reasonable to them and to their customers' advantage and comfort.

Special sales of merchandise by sample made at our office.

FINE CLOTHING



Our Mr. J. A. Anderson is now in New York having our clothing manufactured to order. We are daily receiving the

LATEST STYLES

of Business and Dress suits. We carry the best fitting and the best made clothing in the city.

Boys' and Children suits a specialty. Our Neckwear is elegant. Our stock of Furnishing goods cannot be surpassed.

James A. Anderson & Co.
41 WHITEHALL ST.

NEW GOODS

We are now receiving our

FALL STOCK

—OF—

CLOTHING

Which in style and quality is superior to any former season.

We would call special attention to our stock of

BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

For this coming season. We will receive a full line of Children's Knee Pants suitable for this season. A large assortment of

LIGHTWEIGHT OVERCOATS.

A full line of.

SHIRTS

—AND—

GENTS' & BOYS' UNDERWEAR.

GATE CITY CLOTHING STORE,

A. & S. ROSENFELD,

24 Whitehall, Corner Alabama.

PUBLIC SCHOOL BOOKS

—AT THE—

ATLANTA BOOK STORE!

No. 43 WHITEHALL STREET.

COME AND SEE US.

NEW HOUSE! NEW GOODS!

GRAND OPENING OF THE

NEW YORK FURNITURE STORE

137 WHITEHALL ST.,

DANIEL WOLF, Proprietor,

RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES THAT HE IS

now opening a full and complete line of Furniture from the best manufacturers in the United States. The stock will be sold, "not sacrificed," at the lowest possible prices. DANIEL WOLF, 137 Whitehall Street, Atlanta, Ga.

GLENNY & VIOLETT, COTTON BROKERS,

(Offices lately occupied by N. O. Cotton Exchange.)

197 Gravier Street,

NEW ORLEANS.

Orders for futures executed in New Orleans, New York and Liverpool.

CORRESPONDENTS:

MESSRS. FIELDING & GWYNN,

NEW YORK.

MESSRS. CUNNINGHAM & HINSHAW,

LIVERPOOL.

WARREN & AXSON

Successors to J. W. Lathrop & Co.

COTTON FACTORS

—AND—

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

56 Bay Street, SAVANNAH, GA.

Liberal advances made on consignments. Prompt and faithful attention given to the interest of our

customers. Special sales of merchandise by sample made at our office.

F. L. WARREN. RANDOLPH AXSON.

LIFE IN NEW YORK.

THE MEN WHO TURN AT GAMBLING WHEELS.

The Manner in Which Unsuccessful People are Taken in—Curious Facts About Lottery Gamblers—Whisky Put to a New Use—The Returning Visitors—Public Libraries—Etc.

Special to the Constitution.

NEW YORK, September 7.—The city is just now remarkable for something that is not going on in it. Lottery gambling in the perverted and fraudulent form of policy playing has wholly ceased. But that is no proof of reform in the thousands who have habitually lost their money in the swindle. There was a time no doubt when policy in New York consisted in betting on what numbers would be drawn daily from a wheel in Covington, Ky., but in recent years there has been hardly any pretense of so much formality as that. Formerly the business was a monopoly, in the hands of a company, that included officials who were able to afford a protection from police interference and from trial by jury. These connections were so unaccounted that whenever an opposition concern presumed to open a policy shop, a police raid and possibly an indictment at once ensued, though next door might be a regular game in carefully guarded operation. The principal policy in this powerful combination made big fortunes, and several of them are now living in luxurious retirement. But gradually the independent men got a footing from which they could not be dislodged without disastrous publicity. One Fred Luthy was foremost among the outsiders. He had been a mere "writer" of policy slips for the monopoly. That is, he hired a little den in the rear of a cigar store, and there he took the dimes and quarters of the game's dupes. The division of the receipts in these days was in thirds—one to the "writer," one to the company and one for the prizes to be paid to the winners. Now, Luthy was convinced that he might as well run his book independently, paying the winners and keeping the remaining two thirds. It was not unusual for men to come to that determination, but their secession was commonly followed by police coercion, so that they were soon glad to surrender. But Luthy had considerable money and audacity. He opened twenty offices on his own account, the best situations for prosperous business. Then he made out a list of them, also one of the protected places. Taking these documents to police headquarters he made a little speech about them.

"Here's a list of twenty policy games that I'm going to run," said he, "and here is a list of the Simmonds game. I want to be left alone, and if I am not, I shall go before the grand jury with complete information for the indictment of every Simmonds man in the business."

He departed without waiting for an answer, but his boldness was rewarded by a year or two of immunity. The monopoly knew that he could and probably would make such a row if they fought him that everybody concerned would be ruined. Therefore, Luthy had for a time the same protection that the main concern enjoyed and without parting with a dollar to obtain it. His example was too brilliant, however, not to let light into other dealers' minds on the subject, and backers of offices became numerous. The policy business thereby fell into a diffuse condition, and it was no longer possible to give official protection to part of it and destruction to the rest. Of course, as soon as the police department decided to close all the shops no difficulty was found in doing it. There you have the reason why there is no policy playing this week in New York. If the policy shops should remain closed it is difficult to imagine how their devotees will continue to gratify their passion for gaming. I am told that thus far there has been an enormous increase in barroom card playing for money, but that is too limited and obvious a process of jacking chances. Heavier gamblers, those who convince themselves that their gambling is business, are getting enough of stock speculation and mining risks. The "tickers" are being removed from the offices of mercantile firms, partly because stock exchange quotations are longer of instant interest and partly owing to the fact that the instruments have a damaging effect on the credit. For a creditor to know that his debtor is gambling in stocks is to invite a demand for prompt payments and a curtailment of credit. The general feeling against Wall Street is quite bitter. As for mining, the inscriptions on up-stairs doorways conveying the information that within was the headquarters of some mine, are rapidly disappearing, men no longer carry one specimen in their pockets, or talk about pay streaks and outcrops; the losses have been figured up, and all calculation of profit wiped from the slate.

Whisky is likely to be the new means here for speculative ends. Operations in this line have heretofore been confined to persons in the trade, but now a whisky exchange has been opened, with membership for those who propose to sell puts and calls and absorb margins. The enormous quantity of whisky in the country, and the uncertainties as to its taxation, make it peculiarly attractive for guesswork, and it is altogether probable that a great deal of amateur speculation will become involved in it during the ensuing winter.

Do you know what whisky is made of? There has been a stir as to the government demand for returns of all the ingredients of beer, and it seems that the public is not, after all, to have full information on the subject. But I can tell you what I saw put into whisky. I visited a private shop in Division street, east of the Bowery, in a neighborhood of squalor and vice. It was an old-fashioned house, once occupied by some well-to-do knickerbocker family. A high counter stood where a piano may once have ornamented the parlor, and behind it was a big safe for holding small valuable articles left as pledges. Shelves filled three sides of the room from floor to ceiling, and were packed full of articles wrapped in cotton cloths. Each bundle had a ticket describing the contents and giving the name of the owner and the amount of the loan. My companion in the visit was a health board inspector, and we were therefore enabled to see more than would otherwise have been opened to us. Going to the rear of the shop, we found an apartment completely filled, except for a passage way, with things that could not be wrapped up, such as banjos, accordions, exercising apparatus, and all sorts of household utensils. The whole house was devoted to pawn brokers. One room upstairs held solid masses of overcoats, which their owners may soon be presumed to require; another was as fully stocked with undercoats and trousers, and considerable space was occupied by women's apparel. In the rear was an extraordinary collection of odds and ends, from hats to prayerbooks, on which money in sums as small as ten cents had been loaned. I saw no ticket in the house calling for more than five dollars, and the average was probably under one, even counting in the watches and jewelry. The proprietor told us that he had about 75,000 articles in the building. As he charges thirty per cent interest on the loans, his yearly profit cannot be less than \$20,000, and probably amount to more through the forfeiture and sale of far the greater portion of the goods. But, the reader asks, what has this to do with the manufacture of whisky. The pawnbroker was a blunt old chap, and not disposed to conceal the wretchedness which afforded him a prosperous business.

"What's all this money that you advance to poor people spent for?" I enquired.

"Whisky," he answered, without hesitation, "nine-tenths of it for whisky."

So a very large share of New York whisky may be said to be made of old clothes, watches, musical instruments, and other portable objects. These things, distilled with an abundance of misery and crime, produce the popular beverage as consumed in the metropolis.

RETURNING VISITING.

Pleasanter to contemplate than policy play, pawn brokerage or whisky are the numerous returning New Yorkers from their summer outings. The streets of fashionable retail trade are once more peopled, and the clerks in the big stores have some body to show the new goods to. The merchants have concealed their fears of tight times under piles of the richest goods. There is a lower average of prices, especially for imported fabrics, owing to the growing domestic competition, but the quality is as fine as ever. Our ladies are putting themselves into new fall clothes as rapidly as possible, and as far as my rather inept observation goes the styles will be less pleasing to male eyes than those which have for several seasons prevailed. What I mean is, that fineness, excessive diaperies and exaggerated false outlines seem to be taking the place of simple artistic shapes. That is the way it looks to a man. But I do not propose to let my women readers trust to me for information in the fashions. It is from a leading merchant that I got points on that delicate subject.

"I have loaded myself up with velvets and velveteens," said he, "because I believe that there will be a great run on them. Plush won't go, but there are new shenille broads that look like it. Some of the broads are so handsome that even you may think so, ignorant as you are."

Opening a box covered with mysterious foreign marks, and softly lining with white tissue to protect the costly fabric, he spread out a web of black broad velvet. The back ground was silk and the figure great acorns, with big branches of oak leaves, so rich, so thick, so really superb, that I congratulated the designer in my heart and did honor to his genius. "That is six dollars per yard, and this," opening another box, "is ten dollars."

It came in all colors at eight to four dollars. See what a beautiful pattern! Carnation pinks and peach blossoms with leaves; tropic blooms, clusters of leaves; the garden, the forest, the jungle seemed to have been forged for natural beauties from which to design. Every year the silk velvets and satins are richer, more regal, more luxurious. America demands the best in the world and pays freely for first choice. Satins are not passé. It is too early in the season to say positively how these stuffs will be made up, but the costumes, models, and designs which have reached us from the other side warrant the assertion that close and clinging diaperies are on the wane but not entirely out of date that the tulle and crinoline to a moderate degree will be revived; that skirts will be as short as ever, more bouffant and more frequently gathered and pleated at the waist than last year; that sleeves will not be so tight; that high effects on the shoulders will be studied by dressmakers, and that wraps, whether long or short jackets, Newmarkets, visors, dolmans or long cloaks will be cut to accommodate the increasing size of the torso and draperies."

By way of a literary topic, let me tell you that our public libraries are in a bad way through lack of readers. The mercantile libraries are the most prosperous, but members are abating and in a fortnight of resigning, some of them has opened a branch in Fifth avenue. The cause of the decline in fortunes is not a falling off in the amount of reading done by the people, but is the enormous growth of the cheap publishing business.

The various libraries now issued have the bulk of popular literature in their hands. The monthly issue of the mercantile cost five dollars a year, for which sum one can buy twenty-five to fifty complete works, with less both. The competition between the low price publishers has taken a new form and greatly augmented activity. The three column page with no cover had its day. One of the firms put out cut and bound volumes at the same price as the pamphlet and struck immediately into a heavy sale of the handier form. The reader concerns had to follow suit or lose business, and already the new shape has been adopted by six of the great book-mills. In some instances when the exigencies of hot rivalry require heroic measures, a well-made volume of 600 pages is retailed at twenty cents. That means loss to the publisher, gain to the buyer and nothing to the slandered author. FRANKLIN.

A Romance From the Departments.

From the Washington Post.

A pretty little romance has been constructed by some of the ladies in the interior department upon the recent resignation of Miss Pink Chaplin, lately one of their number. The story is that Mr. James S. Phillips, a son of ex-Governor Phillips, of Kansas, used to woo the lady while he was a clerk in the department. His father objected and tried to head the young man off by having him appointed an assistant paymaster in the navy, with station at San Francisco. But the young man was not going to let such a small thing as that disturb the course of his true love. The young couple were therefore on the 15th of March last quietly betook themselves to a Virginia town, where, without any blare of trumpets or pretentious ceremony, they were made one and inseparable. Young Phillips proceeded to his station at San Francisco, while his bride remained behind, retaining her maiden name. She has, however, left her position and the city and is now on her way to the city that holds her bride.

A New Bridal Costume.

From the Boston Evening Gazette.

A fashionable bride took a new departure the other day by wearing a beautiful pearl-embroidered veil. The rest of the bridal costume was also gloriously rich and effective, the white satin train being bordered by a unique trimming of pearl embroidery, and the sleeves and high collar being made entirely of pearls. In relation to the pearls, it is reported with point de Flanders and garlands of covered blossoms. This same young woman, when she started off on her wedding journey, wore a traveling dress of white-bordered silk, combined with bluish-rose velvet, arranged in such a manner as to resemble the delicate coloring of the inside of a shell. The bonnet, which corresponded in color, was composed of jessamine and bluish roses, and the traveling bag was of the same color, gray embroidered with cashmere, lined with rose satin and bordered with ruchings of gray lace. If you suppose she was a royalty from this you are greatly mistaken, but though only a Miss Mary W. of New York, she married the eldest son of an earl, and it is hoped, lived happily ever after.

The Force of Big Waves.

From the New York Times.

The sea off Atlantic City, New Jersey, the other day, as far as the eye could penetrate the murky cloud bank, was a mass of seething foam, broken by waves which fell on the frame structures along the beach with a deafening roar and the force of grinding mill-stones. On the concussion of the waves some photographer's booth, bath-house, restaurant, or shell store would suddenly rise from its underpinning and sail out to sea. Then a second breaker would pour in like a cataract of foam, and when the blinding spray cleared away the debris of the building would be seen in countless fragments, beached here and there in angry eddies and ground to powder on the hard sand. The force of the surf was astonishing, and was greater than ever before known on the island.

VAL D' OASTA.

THE ORIGIN OF A CLASSIC GEORGIA TOWN.

Ben Perley Poor Gratifies the Inquiry of a Lowndes County Gentleman, by Giving the Early History of Valdosta, and Some Hints on the Origin of the Name—Interesting Facts.

From the Valdosta Times.

The first county site of Lowndes county, was Franklinville, the second, Trouville, situated at the confluence of Little and Withlacoochee rivers, named in honor of Governor Troup, one of the noblest governors Georgia ever had. When the railroad was built through the county, the county site was located four miles from Trouville, and was changed to the railroad, so as to be nearer the center of the county. The name was changed from Trouville to Valdosta, at the suggestion of Mr. Leonard De-Lyon, (who then published and edited the county newspaper) after one of Governor Troup's residences in Laurens county called Valdosta; the other being called, Vallombrosa. Thinking something in regard to the history of these names of the residences of Governor Troup, and one of them the name of our own beautiful village, would be interesting and instructive to our people, I wrote to a venerable gentleman of much distinction in the literary and political world, asking him to give me some account of them. He has kindly sent me the following interesting letter which I request you to publish.

"I have loaded myself up with velvets and velveteens," said he, "because I believe that there will be a great run on them. Plush won't go, but there are new shenille broads that look like it. Some of the broads are so handsome that even you may think so, ignorant as you are."

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REPAIRING A TIMEPIECE.

TRYING TO FIND OUT WHY HIS WATCH STOPPED.

How the Experts Showed What They Knew and How the Owner Finally Repaired a Watch and His Defective Watch on the Road.

From the New York Times.

"Here is your watch," said the jeweler, as he tore off a small white tag from the ring of well worn silver watch and handed the time-piece to a reporter one day last week. "If it breaks inside of a year you can bring it back and I will fix it for nothing. I don't think it will trouble you thought for it was very thoroughly repaired by one of our best workmen." "I hope not," replied the reporter as he paid the jeweler \$3 and left the store with the watch ticking loudly in his pocket. For nearly a week the watch was a model of regularity recording the time even to the minute with the great, yellow-faced clock in the city hall tower. One morning, however, when the reporter was under his pillow, the reporter discovered to his dismay that the hands were pointing to the hour of 2 o'clock. It couldn't be afternoon so early in the day. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the dial again. Surely there must be some mistake about it. He examined the hands. They were stationary. He placed it to his ear. It was as silent as a clam. The watch had stopped inside of the first week and in spite of the three-dollar charge and the year's guarantee. He shook it. A feeble tick responded to the jar. The stubby second hand moved slowly about one quarter around its short circuit and then stopped as before. He poked it on the bed and under some uncomplimentary remarks about the watchmaker. This evoked another semi-revolution, which was again succeeded by the same silence.

After breakfast the unfortunate owner stepped into the nearest watchmaker's, a seven-by-nine shop, in upper Broadway, and asked the proprietor what was the matter with the watch. The jeweler took the time-piece, gazed over it, made a cover with a small can-opener, and peered into the works. After a cursory examination he handed it back to the owner. "It needs cleaning," he said.

"Cleaning?" ejaculated the reporter, in astonishment; "why I paid \$3 only last week for having it thoroughly cleaned."

"I can't help that," replied the jeweler; "you were very foolish to take such a watch to a second-class workman. The reason it doesn't run is because it's dirty. The pinions are covered with dust and the oil is all gum. Leave it here and I will fix it for you in good shape. Call again on Saturday and it will be ready. It will only cost \$2.50, and you will then have a watch you can be proud of."

Thoroughly disgusted with the watch and the man who had warranted it, the reporter declined the offer, pocketed his time-piece, and left the shop. A few doors below, on the same thoroughfare, a brazen watch with a pair of black hands pointing fixedly to 12-20 swings from a rusty iron bar. The reporter passed under this sign and entered another jewelry store. A fleshy person who was seated at a workbench facing the window, beckoned for the watch and proceeded to open it as one would open an oyster. Placing an eyeglass which resembled a very short telescope to his eye, he critically examined the movements. After taking observations from every position a watch can be held in, he ventured an opinion that the jewel which covers the escapement pinion was broken. "Yes," said he, after sundry punches in the vital regions of the works with a small screwdriver, "such as dentists use, 'the jewel is broken. Any man can see that with half an eye. I wonder the watch ran at all. Have you dropped it anywhere? No? Well, that's strange. I can't be mistaken. The jewel is certainly broken. Leave it with me and I will put in a new one. It will cost you only \$5, and call around some day next week. What name, please?" The name was not given and the watch was returned.

In the block below a tall street clock indicates the presence of another jewelry establishment, while large show-cases filled with costly trinkets and a brilliant assortment of diamonds and watches in the front window attested its claim as a fashionable emporium. The reporter went in there. A languid young man, with a drooping moustache the color of barley straw, took the watch, and after working his way into the movement, placed a small loggett to his eye and glanced over the assortment of wheels and pinions and springs which were so numerous and diversely disordered. He remarked: "Your watch is very badly out of repair. The escapement does not seem to be doing its work. The hair spring is too long. It has too much play. I will cut it off and shorten it." Here he reached for a small instrument to serve the spring, but the reporter interposed. "No," he exclaimed, as he rescued the time-piece, "don't cut the spring, I guess that is not what ails the thing for I paid \$3 for having it repaired and cleaned only last week, and it ran very nicely until this morning, when it stopped."

"Oh, yes," interrupted the young man, "I see; you dropped it and the spring was spread out by the jar. I will undertake to repair it thoroughly for \$4, so that you can rely on it. I will give you a guarantee, and if it breaks—"

"The reporter did not remain to hear the rest of the sentence. The watch had all the guarantees it could want. He had heard by this time so many different opinions upon the condition of the watch that he was determined to learn, if possible, what did ail it. A few blocks down the street another jeweler was found. After several shakings he applied the watch to his left ear and listened attentively. "I think," said he, with a shade of doubt in his voice, "that the main-spring is broken." He then opened the inside case and scrutinized the works carefully. "Yes," he continued, "the main-spring is evidently broken. You must have been very careless with the watch, and let it fall. No? Well, you have wound it up too tight. That often is as bad as a fall. I will put you in a new one for \$2." The offer was certainly tempting, and the reporter walked out of the shop with his dilapidated chronometer in his pocket, to the great disgust of the jeweler. At the next store a small, nervous man, who was examining a double row of fly-specked watches, suspended from a small iron rack in the window, and basking in the sun which filtered through the dusty window panes. He took the time-piece and, reaching into his counter, produced a white tag and proceeded to tie it to the ring. "What name?" he asked. "No name," replied the owner; "please tell me what is the matter with the watch." With an air of annoyance, the nervous man examined the watch and probed around the balance-wheel with what appeared to the owner to be almost willful malice. "One of the pinions is bent, the escapement is out of balance, and it needs cleaning; \$3, call next Sunday." The owner protested, and the watch was returned.

Having had sufficient experience in Broadway he now visited the Bowery. A large gilt sign over a wide doorway and several suspended clocks and watches in gilt, bristled a "jewelry palace," and into it the reporter walked. "What is the matter with this watch?" he asked. The proprietor, an elderly man, took the time-piece, shook it, listened, opened it, gazed at it, and shook his head. "Hiram!" he called to a curly-headed young man, who was working at the rear end of the store, cleaning jewelry with a long brush and some white powder. The young man stepped to the counter. "What is the matter with that watch?" asked the proprietor. Hiram looked at the watch as one would regard a very sore thumb and shook his head without replying. "Moses!" called the old gentleman to a second young man, younger than Hiram, who came from behind the rear partition. "Moses," said he, "you tell de shentleman vat his de madder vid his watch." Moses looked at the poor, miserable time-piece with even more solemnity

than his brother, and, after sundry lugubrious shakes of his head, responded: "De cap chewed ich ovet de blade. It vash ground back de escapement. If it vash dry to make it run mitout gitting it repaired, you will ruin your watch. I never saw a watch as bad as dat. It will only cost you \$5."

"I can't leave it to-day," responded the reporter. "I will give you a fine job for \$4, for \$3, for \$2, for a dollar and a half; and I wouldn't do it von cent cheaper for my grandfather."

But in spite of the liberality of the offer, the reporter pocketed his watch and pursued his search for information. Many other stores were visited and many more jewelers were interviewed. There were 17 seen in all, and they all contributed the stoppage of the main-spring, five said it was caused by dirt, three thought that broken jewels made the trouble, two diagnosed it as a case of bent pinions, and the remainder were divided in opinion as to the cause of the trouble. The reporter, tired of watches and watchmakers, the reporter carried it to the jeweler who had originally repaired it. "There," said he, as he placed the time-piece on the yellow counter, "take this miserable, ailing watch. You may keep it or give it away, just as you please. It hasn't a whole wheel in it. The main spring is broken, the escapement is out of order, it wasn't half cleaned, and it is entirely ruined. It will cost me a small fortune to have it repaired. I don't want it any more. It makes me tired to see it around. I'll buy a new dollar-and-a-half watch that I can take some comfort in."

The jeweler took the time-piece and retired into the workshop. In a few minutes he returned with a broad smile on his face. "Here it is, in perfect order. There is nothing wrong with it. You forgot to wind it up last night."

WHAT BECOMES OF THE RAGS.

An Industry in Which Millions of Capital are Invested.

From the Milwaukee Evening Wisconsin.

William Franzen, one of the oldest and most experienced rag and paper stock dealers in the west, was asked about his business and the possibility of its being a medium of bringing Asiatic diseases into this country. He said: "Large quantities of rags from Egypt and Turkey pass through Milwaukee on their way to the paper mills at Neenah and Menasha. I mean actually large quantities—not relatively large—for the greater proportion of the receipts of foreign rags in this country are consumed in the manufacture of paper. However, there is an danger of disease originating in Milwaukee by reason of the rag trade. The foreign rags are not picked over here. Labor at the points of shipment is so much cheaper than here that it pays that they be sent out before the rags are baled and sent off. In support of my belief that no danger of the spread of contagion in Milwaukee by the sales of foreign rags which pass through here is to be apprehended, I have been successful in the rag business for 20 years—12 of them in this city—and have never had a sick day. I have employed from 12 to 30 hands in sorting rags during all that time, and have never known a sick day. I don't think there is any danger to be apprehended from the rags at the paper mills either, for the strong bleaching materials used would be likely to act as a disinfectant."

Mr. Franzen went on to give some facts to prove the rag business is one of the staple industries of the country. "The business in rags and paper stock done in Milwaukee alone amounts," he said, "to \$5,000,000 annually, and this business is carried on by 20,000 persons. Careful estimates of the present annual consumption of rag stock in the United States place the amount at 3,000,000 bales, valued at \$50,000,000. The arrivals of foreign rag stock at New York city are estimated at 600,000 bales annually, and those of domestic rag stock at 1,800,000 bales. Twenty-five thousand bales of rags were shipped out of Milwaukee during the year 1882. Most of the domestic rag stock received here comes from Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Dakota, and Michigan. Missouri and Illinois also contribute large amounts. A considerable quantity of foreign rags pass through this city during the course of a year, coming from all parts of Europe, England, France, Germany, and Turkey contributing most freely. Egyptian rags as I have said, often pass through this city. The destination of the rags which arrive at Milwaukee is dependent upon their quality. All the woolen rags and the better grades of cotton rags go to the east, mostly to supply the fine paper mills and shoddy mills of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania. The cheaper grades of stock are used in the west in the manufacture of printing and wrapping papers. The foreign rags received in Milwaukee, which are inferior in quality to those which come from the east, are used by paper mills at various points in this state. The foreign rags, as I have said, reach this market assorted and ready for the mills. The domestic rags, on the contrary, invariably require to be assorted before use."

It would astonish the uninitiated to see the number of distinct grades into which rags are discriminated. Here is a list of most of the important classes of rags and paper stock recognized in Milwaukee: Whites—Nos. 1 and 2, and 3, and 4, and 5, and 6, and 7, and 8, and 9, and 10, and 11, and 12, and 13, and 14, and 15, and 16, and 17, and 18, and 19, and 20, and 21, and 22, and 23, and 24, and 25, and 26, and 27, and 28, and 29, and 30, and 31, and 32, and 33, and 34, and 35, and 36, and 37, and 38, and 39, and 40, and 41, and 42, and 43, and 44, and 45, and 46, and 47, and 48, and 49, and 50, and 51, and 52, and 53, and 54, and 55, and 56, and 57, and 58, and 59, and 60, and 61, and 62, and 63, and 64, and 65, and 66, and 67, and 68, and 69, and 70, and 71, and 72, and 73, and 74, and 75, and 76, and 77, and 78, and 79, and 80, and 81, and 82, and 83, and 84, and 85, and 86, and 87, and 88, and 89, and 90, and 91, and 92, and 93, and 94, and 95, and 96, and 97, and 98, and 99, and 100, and 101, and 102, and 103, and 104, and 105, and 106, and 107, and 108, and 109, and 110, and 111, and 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GEORGIA BY WIRE.

THE HAPPENINGS OF THE OUTLYING TOWNS NOTED.

A Lively Time in Jonesboro.—United States Marshal Making Arrests—Cherokee's First Bail—Accident in Lowndes County—Mysterious Disappearance in Chatanooga.

Special to the Constitution.

WATKINSVILLE, September 8.—One firm in town, Messrs. W. A. Wilkins & Co., bought 48 bales of cotton by 12 m. o'clock to-day. We are having fine weather for picking cotton now. The crop of Burke is said to be only about two-thirds of the usual average.

Barnesville, Georgia.

A MATCH GAME.

Special to the Constitution.

BARNESVILLE, September 8.—A match game of baseball was played here this evening between the Milner Amateurs and the Barnesville Starlights, resulting, Starlights forty-six, Amateurs fifteen.

Valdosta, Georgia.

A MATCH GAME.

Special to the Constitution.

VALDOSTA, September 8.—Mr. J. W. Perry, one of the oldest and best citizens of Lowndes county, and chairman of the board of county commissioners, was accidentally killed to-day by being caught in the machinery of his cotton gin.

Rome, Georgia.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Special to the Constitution.

ROME, September 8.—The Rome cotton oil mill tested their electric light this evening for the first time. The light is the Weston incandescent. Is a thirty light machine and gives perfect satisfaction. All the young couples of Rome go out to camp meeting to-morrow.

Canton, Georgia.

THE FIRST BALE.

Special to the Constitution.

CANTON, September 8.—Our first bale of this season's cotton was to-day received from S. J. Blackwell, who lives near Hickory Flat, in this county, and classed as "middling." Was bought by J. M. McAfee & Co., for 9 cents, and shipped to Kelly, Rosser & Co., Atlanta. Weighed 470 pounds. Cotton is opening very fast and next week we expect to get several bales.

Acworth, Georgia.

DEATH.

Special to the Constitution.

ACWORTH, September 8.—Mr. Robert Duncan, who came here from Americus, Georgia, last winter and formed a partnership with Dr. H. C. Baily & Son, in the drug business, died yesterday after a long and painful spell of the fever. He had in his short business career here made many friends. He leaves a wife and one little child, who looked to him for protection and support. Our community sympathizes with the bereaved family.

Lawrenceville, Georgia.

THE EARLY BALE.

Special to the Constitution.

LAWRENCEVILLE, September 8.—Messrs. Herrin & Turner purchased the first bale of new cotton offered for sale here this year. It brought 9½¢, was middling, and a very fair sample. They anticipate a large decrease of last year's receipts.

Thomas Langley, a young man originally from this state, now Texas, has returned "to sin no more."

Campbellton, Georgia.

SHORT CROPS.

Special to the Constitution.

CAMPBELLTON, September 8.—The short crops will necessitate a good supply of forage for stock in the counties where there is no fence law for the incoming winter. What did Mark Hardin do with the ensilage that was put in the silo pits at the exposition? Did it make good food for stock? Did they eat and relish it? What was used for ensilage? Will Colonel Hardin or Commissioner Henderson reply and give full directions for making ensilage in the Constitution.

Barnesville, Georgia.

PERSONAL MATTERS.

Special to the Constitution.

BARNESVILLE, September 8.—Mr. E. H. Bloodworth and wife left for Texas yesterday morning. Miss Carrie Howard, May Tigner and Augusta Rivers also left at that time for Texas. Mr. B. goes to engage in the cotton business, and the young ladies to teach school. Barnesville regrets to lose them.

Mr. Weldon, at work at the Barnesville cotton seed oil mills, had his arm caught in a gin yesterday and badly lacerated. The doctors are trying to save his arm.

Rev. R. J. Willingham has just closed a revival meeting at the Baptist church. Our three warehouses are busy receiving cotton.

Athens, Georgia.

A REVIVAL ENDED.

Special to the Constitution.

ATHENS, September 8.—Rev. J. G. Gibson, of Crawford, has just completed a revival at the four churches with thirty-eight additions.

The town well went dry to-day. Ed. Schaeffer has purchased Tobacco Falls. Three of Banks county kulkus were found over and three discharged.

Five lots put up at Jug Tavern sold for twenty-five to sixty dollars.

Jake Matthews, the Morgan county ox thief, will probably die from his wounds, inflicted by Oliver.

The piping for the water works is at the depot.

John Gant, colored, was bit by a mad dog on Hon. C. A. Wither's plantation.

Mr. Vince T. Sanford, of Penfield, was severely cut in the arms by a gin at his place yesterday. He was feeding for one of his hands when the sleeves of his shirt came in contact with the saws and pulled his arms in, cutting them in a terrible manner. Dr. Benedict, of this place, was summoned to him, and on dressing the wounds decided them serious, though not of such a manner as to lose the use of his limbs.

Farm Independence, Georgia.

LOOKING LIKE A CITY.

Special to the Constitution.

FARM INDEPENDENCE, September 8.—Hogansville is fast taking on the appearance of a city. Many improvements going on. P. O. Whitaker is building a fine gothic residence, three new store rooms and a Kimball house on top. W. C. Rosser, Dr. Booser and Major Andrew Daniel each are building new brick stores. We have now thirteen business houses, all being substantially new; also, we have in Hogansville what no other town of its size in this section has—a Bradstreet budget—a firm who continually are looking closely after the finances of the community, prepared at all times to give information as to ability or veracity of our citizenship, whose services are valuable in many instances.

Cotton is coming in fast, 75 bales sold to-day, but price very low, only 8½¢ cents the best, which causes farmers to wear long faces. If the present dry and hot weather lasts many more days, the bulk of the crop will be open, a goodly portion opening prematurely. Turnips and all small grain that has been seeded are dead from the effects of drought, which has lasted now several weeks, and materially injured the late or top crop of cotton. The worms have also attacked the foliage and stripping it. With such as present prices is bad on the wool hat boys.

Thirty more negroes to be baptized next Sunday near here, with the revival still progressing under the most flattering prospects which commenced with emancipation.

Chatanooga, Tennessee.

MYSTERY IN DISAPPEARANCE.

Special to the Constitution.

CHATTANOOGA, September 8.—This city is

enjoying a "mysterious disappearance" sensation. Several days ago a man, giving the name of Atherton, which was afterwards ascertained to be George H. Thomas, was arrested suspected of being a fugitive from justice from Missouri, and in default of five thousand dollars bond was committed to jail. His friends came to see him from Florida and he was furnished with untold large sums of money to be used in his defense. Application was made for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted, and a hearing was set for the evening of the 6th. When the case was called, it developed that Atherton alias Thomas had been spirited away, whether no fellow could find out. Considerable wrangling occurred between Charles C. Snyder, who claimed to have been employed by Thomas to represent him, and Messrs. White and Elder, who had been employed by the friends of Thomas for his defense, claiming Thomas was of unsound mind and not capable of managing his own affairs, and in the general quarrel insinuations were made that Mr. Snyder had entered into collusion with Thomas's friends for a consideration to carry him in a close carriage to the Georgia line, and there release him. There was undoubtedly been some dark work going on, and some officers will have to give an account of the whereabouts of the prisoner. The case was postponed until 10 o'clock Monday morning.

For sometime small sums of money have been missed from the cash drawer of the gas company, but the mystery was solved yesterday, when a young man named Ed. Darling, who was employed as clerk in the office, in taking money from his pocket, dropped a key, which on being examined was found to fit the cash drawer. He was arrested and after some resistance was taken to the lock up.

Cuthbert, Georgia.

THE BUSY SEASON.

Special to the Constitution.

CUTHBERT, September 8.—The busy season is now fairly opened and the dull lullacy of our city heretofore existing has assumed a more lively air. Cotton, being much earlier than last season, is coming in quite briskly, notwithstanding the crop is cut off fully half as compared with last year's crop. The corn crop is good. By the way, my last report to your paper put the corn crop of this section down as a failure. I now beg to correct that mistake. Your correspondent was writing about late corn and intended to say that crop was a failure.

Mr. H. B. Mathews has opened a grocery store in connection with his extensive dry goods business. It requires two large store rooms to accommodate his entire business. The exercises of the Agricultural college opened the first of the present month. Andrew college will open for the fall term the 15th of September.

A COLORED FARMER TOOK TO J. M. REDDING & CO'S WAREHOUSE YESTERDAY AND REPORTED THAT HE HAD BROKE DOWN A FEW YARDS OUT OF TOWN WITH A BALE OF COTTON, AND ASKED THE PROPRIETORS IF THEY WOULD SEND THEIR DRAY AFTER THE COTTON. "Certainly," responded Mr. Barry, one of the proprietors, "I will send my dray for the cotton. There is nothing our customers ask of us but what is cheerfully complied with." "If you could, please, send the dray to the warehouse, as the cotton is on the outside," continued Mr. Barry, "ten miles from town, we would send for it as cheerfully as if it were only a few yards away." Mr. B. started "Uncle Tom" for the cotton, which he would find, Mr. B. said, "and the road a short way off in four days away, and the dray and cotton yet. Barry began to suspect that he had been sold out and sure enough when "Uncle Tom" got back he reported that he found the cotton something less than ten miles from town.

Jonesboro, Georgia.

A LITTLE TIME.

Special to the Constitution.

JONESBORO, September 8.—We had a lively time in Jonesboro last night and this morning. The United States deputy marshals, four in number, armed with carbines, came down on the Goober train to arrest Dr. Heidt and A. B. Blacklock for the offense of obstructing legal process. When their business was known to Dr. Heidt, he went to them and asked if they had a warrant for him, and for what offense, and on being told, he voluntarily surrendered himself to the marshal. He and Mayor Crockett waited on the deputy marshal and told him if he wanted any citizens in town they would be forthcoming without any trouble. The marshal said he only wanted Mr. Alf Blacklock, and they promised he should be on hand. Both of these citizens were promptly on hand this morning and went to Atlanta on the Goober train, with quite a crowd of onlookers. The quality of offense whatever and the arrest was utterly without any probable cause. Nor was there the slightest use to come down armed with carbines as the deputy marshal did, this gave considerable offense to our citizens.

TRYING TO ESCAPE.

Soon after the train left the sheriff and jailer being on board carrying a prisoner to Atlanta as a witness in the commissioner's court, Mrs. Rhea gave an alarm that the prisoners in jail were trying to escape. The alarm spread quick and fast, and soon a crowd of men was rushing to the jail. On arriving there it was found that Tom Beal, C. H. Wiggins and James Harrison had been trying to break the lock of the cell in which they were confined. They had succeeded in running the lock, but had not got out of the cell. They said they only wanted to get out of the cell, and when that was done they did not propose to do any thing more. Tom Beal said the jailer had promised to let him out of the cell to-day and that he told the jailer when he left this morning that he (Beal) intended to come out of that cell. Mr. Hal Dorsey was left in charge of the jail, and had gone to breakfast when the alarm occurred. New locks were placed on the cells locked securely, and everything is now quiet and serene.

THE METHODIST MEETING.

The meeting at the Methodist church is still going on with increasing interest. It is seen that we have a regular warfare between good and evil in Jonesboro just now. Revs. Dodge, of your city, and Gerald of Gainesville, have been standing up manfully for an unflinching cause, and have been successful in their efforts to bring about a revival of order and peace. They have the warmest gratitude of our whole town. We say to the pastor, W. C. Dunlap, fight on; the battle thickens, but the everlasting arms are underneath thee.

Chasing a Possum.

From the Blackshear News.

One night last week, Mr. Andrew Walker, a well-to-do farmer residing a few miles from Blackshear, lost his barn and contents and one horse by fire. It seems that during the night sometime he heard a commotion among his fowls, and supposing it to be a possum causing it, he went out to run him. His supposition was correct, and after ejecting the possum, being an inveterate smoker, he lit his pipe. After enjoying a few whiffs he again returned to rest. He was again waked up, this time by the belling of his cattle, and rushing out found his barn and stable in flames. The immense heat had nearly crazed the cattle with pain, and they were almost frantic. Hastily turning them out he rushed to his stable in the yard, and getting out one horse, badly burned, but could not reach the other, and he perished in the flames. The barn and contents were a total loss, and the loss is quite heavy to Mr. Walker. The origin of the fire is attributed to a spark from his pipe.

Fright—Sight—Night.

Saw a vision in the night
Which chilled my blood almost—
And scared me into dreadful fits—
An awful, horrid ghost!

With ghastly head and lobster's claws,
Thrust made plain to see,
I'd eaten rattle at night
More than was good for me.

There came a sound like angel's voice,
Clear as silver bell,
It said, "Take 'FRESH DAVIS'S'
PAIN KILLER—and be well."

GEORGIA GOSSIP.

SHORT TALKS WITH THE SCRIBES OF THE COUNTY PRESS.

The Rome Baptists—Louis Hillhouse's Geese Story—A Stuffed Rat Isenake—Isenake's Fire—A Lost and Found in Killing Stakes—A Fight on the Road—Succoring in Seaiman.

Butts superior court convenes next Monday.

Rev. R. B. Headen, has been called to the pastorate of the Rome Baptist church at a salary of \$1,800.

The Ashburn house, at Eastman, was closed on Monday morning last, and Mrs. Remington has returned to Macon. Mrs. Remington's reason for vacating, so we are informed, is that the business of the house will not warrant the paying of the rent charged by Mr. Ashburn.

Meriwether Vindicator: Last Sabbath evening the residence of Mr. James Bell, in the second district, was burned to the ground. The family, with the exception of Mr. Bell and a servant, were two persons being sleeping, four miles distant. The fire originated in corner of the stove room and is supposed to have been kindled from coals left in the wooden ash box.

Franklin News: There was brought to this county Monday and hung for exhibition a stuffed rattlesnake skin which measures 3 feet 11 inches and a button, five feet six inches. The snake was killed last Sunday by Mose Owensby, on Tom Jackson's place on McIntosh. Mose said he chopped off a piece that measured 8 inches, including the head. So the live snake would have measured 6 feet and 2 inches. It is 9 inches in circumference.

Hawkinsville Dispatch: Joe and George Caruthers were fishing last Friday, and met with better luck in killing snakes than they did in catching fish. They caught thirty-two fish and killed thirty-eight moccasins. Their little brother Seymour, who is a bright little boy of his age, says that his dog was after a rabbit and ran to a log where they were fishing. He noticed the dog turned round and give its attention to some object near it, and on investigation they found a moccasin of immense size coiled and prepared for a fight. They chopped the head of the snake with a hoe, when the young snakes emerged one after another from the body of the mother snake. Some of the young reptiles were eighteen inches long. They had taken refuge in her body on the approach of danger. The boys killed thirty-seven of the young snakes.

Calhoun Times: Louis Hillhouse tells a rather singular story about some geese he had which might be doubted if it were not known that Louis has a pious regard for the truth, and says that five years ago he bought a flock of geese, which were then twenty years old. In the lot there was a gander which had only one eye, and a goose with a portion of her feathers missing. The two always mated, and would not get with the rest of the flock, and wander away to themselves, and it was thought that sympathy for each other in their misfortunes was the prime cause. They followed him in the way for five years, and nothing could induce them to separate. Not long since a horse placed his cruel heel upon the goose, and sent her to the happy goose-land, and in less than half an hour thereafter the gander laid himself down to die, and shortly after in four days away, and the parent cause whatever, except his great grief for his mate. This is no fiction, but a romance in real life.

Jackson News: The public roads of this county have recently been worked, or least a portion of them, by the big rig. The work usually done on the public roads in this county, as a permanent improvement, is an absolute failure, and labor thrown away. The law requires that all citizens be of the ages of sixteen and fifty shall work fifteen days in every year on the public roads. Just before court the commissioners got out the hands, and devoted two or three days to separating a little dirt into the holes and gullies, and the grand jury usually say in their presentments that the roads are in good order—that is, provided no big rain comes to wash out the dirt, and the worst of the dirt was washed out, and the condition. The road laws of Georgia badly need reform. A system of permanent improvement should be adopted and gradually executed, until the public highways are in the perfect condition the year round.

A fight took place on the public road near Hawkinsville between a white boy, who was driving an ox to a cart, and a young white man driving a fast horse to a fine buggy. They met in the road, when the young man, who was in the collar encircling his ears and gold buttons girted to his shirt, ordered the boy to drive the cart out of the road. The boy replied that he had already given half of the road. "Get out of the road," said the young man, "or I'll make you do so." The boy replied that he would not do so, and demanded the young man to get out of the road. The young man bounded out of the buggy, and went for the boy, who struck back as hard as he could. The young man at last began to use the butt of his gun, and the boy drew out an old "frog sticker" and prepared for action. "Hold on," begged standing collar and gold buttons; "now I'll stop if you will, and I'll let you alone if you'll let me alone." "Then I'll give you the road," said the young man, "given without delay. It is not well to tackle a good stout healthy country boy alone on the road."

Eastman Times: On Saturday night last week, a white man, who was standing in front of the restaurant of John Mathis, on County Road street, he was shot at from behind by another negro whom no one knows, and who attempted to commit the horrible crime of murder with the least provocation whatever. The ball, however, passed between the left arm and body of Kelly, doing no other damage than making a hole in his coat. When the pistol fired the sound of the shot, the man took to his heels, closely followed by quite a crowd of both whites and blacks. Several shots were fired at the retreating form of the would be murderer, and he disappeared in the darkness, and he soon disappeared in the darkness and made good his escape. This is one of the most deliberate and blood-curdling attempts at murder we have ever been called upon to record. It is to be hoped that the scoundrel will be caught and severely punished.

Augusta News: Hon Patrick Egan, who is to-day being feted by his friends and introduced to the novelty of a Georgia barbecue, is traveling quickly through the country on business and pleasure. He has been about four months in America, and it is thought probable that he will settle in the United States. He has relatives in New Orleans, and is now en route to visit them, and he will leave Augusta to-night for this purpose. The presence in Augusta of the worthy and distinguished Irish patriot, and for a time the city will be the scene of a most appreciated, and no possible attention has been neglected. At an early hour this morning Mr. Egan embarked, along with Mr. William Mulhern and other prominent citizens, for New Orleans, and will be back in ten o'clock. Mayor May, Mr. John P. Armstrong and other prominent sons of Erin went up the canal in the mayor's boat, and joined the jolly party at the bulkhead of the western boundary of the city, seven miles from the city hall. It is needless to describe the style of entertainment, for none but those who have partaken of the peerless preparation of Augusta chefs de cuisine understand the mysteries and delights of this day, and the uninitiated, we fear, would not appreciate so distant a description. Suffice it to say, a revelation was made to the son of old Ireland and that he and his companions as enraptured as occasion just as such "foine old Irish gentlemen" should, and the national dishes and beverages of the two greatest countries on earth were sampled in true epicurean style.

GEORGIA'S MINES.

Work Progressing Satisfactorily at All the Mines—Developments at Auraria.

From the Dahlonega Signal.

The twenty stamps are making full time as usual. The dry weather affects less than any mill in the district. The new time from the reservoir to the upper end of the cut is now in operation. The material is as good as heretofore. Several new cross cuts have been made higher up the hill, and are opening up quite a large amount of ore, which is of the same uniform quality as that heretofore mined. The plates are showing up most beautifully.

The water—Owing to the low water, the mill is not making full time. Forty stamps by day and twenty by night, are in operation. The clean-up last Saturday was entirely satisfactory.

Columbia—The repairs rendered necessary by the water spout of the 19th of August have all been completed, and the mill was started up again on Saturday of last week. It has made regular time since then. The water in the mill is lower than ever, notwithstanding the rain, which fell so rapidly to be of any lasting benefit. The mill being a water power, is of course materially affected by the drought.

Fish Trap.—Not running this week, owing to a lack of water. The superintendent, Captain R. B. King, as well as Mr. Lovell, the principal owner, gone north.

Garnet.—Captain Ives reports mill and pump running regularly. The cut is being worked up rapidly. As yet the plates do not show much gold, as the mill is comparatively new.

Ivey.—The low water will not admit of the mill being put upon its full capacity, forty stamps by day and twenty by night being all that can be made. The mill is showing up most beautifully, performing its work beautifully. The cut from the new mill runs right under the old cut, and the material is all soft and nice, and comes fully up to all expectations.

Auraria.—All the mines and mills of this section are rattling along with their usual good success, excepting those which have to depend upon water as their prime factor in running the mills and running their ore. The Belle, Dame and Cleveland are all shut down on account of the long and severe drought. There is lots of prospecting being done by different parties on the various unexplored lots in this immediate vicinity this summer, and we hope to have some news of some interest to chronicle in the near future.

At the Wells mine they are still driving their two levels ahead, and the ore in both stories is looking splendid, and shows considerable free gold. We made a short visit to the old Battle Branch mine, situated on the Etowah river one mile from this place, last Friday. This mine has been famous in years gone by on account of rich pockets found by the different companies who have worked it. The ore is generally very hard and white in color. It contains considerable pure lead or galena. The gold is always found in pockets, generally to strike a pocket at Battle Branch is the same as striking a small fortune. We hope to hear of some company taking hold of this property soon, and pushing things ahead like in the days gone by.

The Chicago Georgia mill is rattling along as usual, and their cut is showing up splendidly. We saw some fine specimens from down there yesterday. We understand that they have "stuck it rich" down at the Chestnut mine, and that their cut and plates are showing up in regular "bonanza" style. Their big mill hammers along night and day, regular as clock work. We are looking forward to a regular "boom" in mining affairs this fall, and hope to see many mines, now undeveloped, spring into activity, and all the mines now shut down, running again with their accustomed vigors.

An Uncivilized Affair.

From the Blackshear News.

We have received very meager particulars of a row which occurred one night last week down about the Cow House, in the lower end of our county between two white women, a Miss Roxy Wilson and a Miss Smith, aunt to Miss Wilson.

While attending a frolic, and during the evening a dispute arose between them, which gradually increased until both were thoroughly inflamed with anger, and ready to do mischief. What the cause of the dispute was, we do not know; but it seems that a brother of Miss Wilson's, who was standing near, became interested in the quarrel, and sharpening his knife handed it to his sister. With the knife in her hand she sprang at her aunt, like an enraged tigress, and at the first stroke she made almost disemboweled her. The next stroke laid bare a huge gash in her breast, and she fell fainting to the floor. Our informant, a young Miss Smith, who is expected to live, we have heard of no arrests.

Resolutions on the Death of Mr. Stephens.

From the Crawfordville Democrat.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the sublime action of the members of the bar of the Northern circuit as the last tribute to the memory of one of its most distinguished members, the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens. Much has been said and written of this distinguished man, but nothing that we have seen is more appropriate to his memory than the following beautiful and touching tribute:

On the 14th of March last the great soul of Alexander Hamilton Stephens left for all time the land of the living, and the country he honored. Whether representing that people in the halls of congress, as chief executive of the state or as vice-president of the southern confederacy, his untiring devotion to the rights and liberties was manifested throughout a long public life of distinguished services. But it cannot be expected that in a brief tribute to his memory there can be given an epitome of the history, or an analysis of the character of one, whose words were an orator, a statesman and a writer, will survive the language he spoke; whose reputation is as broad as the enlightened world, and whose patriotism was as unbounded as the country that gave him birth.

Be it Resolved, 1. That in the death of Hon. A. H. Stephens this bar has lost one of its ablest and most beloved members, and the country at large of its profoundest statesman, and one of its noblest patriots.

2. That we commend his virtues to the emulation of our brethren, and that we will ever cherish in our hearts the memory of the mental characteristics and moral excellencies of one so devoted to the rights of the oppressed, and so true to the principles of the Constitution and the Union.

3. That we tender our heart-felt sympathies to the surviving relatives of the distinguished dead.

4. That the presiding judge be requested to order that these proceedings be entered of record on the minutes of this court; that the clerk make out and transmit a copy of the same to the relatives of the deceased; and that they be published in the Crawfordville Democrat, the Constitution and the Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist.

Jas. F. Reid,
Wm. H. Brooks,
F. H. Colley,
H. D. Lewis,
W. D. Tett,
Jas. C. Reid,
Jno. A. Battle,
and others.

Ordered that the above report be entered on the minutes of the court, and that the clerk cause copies to be wrote and transmitted as requested.

E. H. Pottle,
Judge Superior Court N. C.

Baked Fish.

From the Americus Recorder.

Henry Johnson tells rather a tough yarn about the fish in Mercer's pond in Webster. He says it was so dry there this summer that the water only half covered the fish when they laid on their sides, and as a consequence every fish was half baked. When the people wanted any fish to eat, they had only to turn over, and let them get cooked on the other side.

TAMPA, TENN.—Rev. D. F. Manly says: "Brett's Iron Pills relieved me of indigestion and nervousness after physicians failed."

A-Great-Problem.

TAKE ALL THE

Kidney and Liver

Medicines,

BLOOD

PURIFIERS.

RHEUMATIC

Dyspepsia

And Indigestion Cures,

Ague, Fever,

And Bilious Specifics,

Brain and Nerve

Force Revivers,

Great Health

Restorers.

IN SHORT, TAKE ALL THE BEST

qualities of all these, and the best qualities of all the best Medicines of the World and you will find that HOP BITTERS have the best curative qualities and powers of all concentrated in them, and that they will cure when any of all of these, singly or combined, fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

DO NOT STORM THE SYSTEM

WITH VIOLENT CATHARTICS THAT RACK AND TEAR AND WEAKEN THE UNFORTUNATE IN INVALID, BUT TUNE THE STOMACH, BELIEVE THE BOWELS, REGULATE THE LIVER, AND REFRESH THE NERVES WITH TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SALTZTHERM APERIENT WHEN THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF ILLNESS APPEAR. A MORE DELICIOUS, EFFERVESCENT DRAUGHT IS NOT TO BE FOUND, AND A MORE POTENT REMEDY FOR DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, NERVOUS HEADACHE, COLIC AND GENERAL DEBILITY, DOES NOT EXIST. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Mr. H. L. Soper, principal of the High School at Poquonoc, Conn., says in relation to a matter which has given him much anxiety and pain: "My wife and I have both used Hunt's Remedy, and find it really a superior article. A year or so ago my kidneys became weak and sluggish, owing to a severe strain, and finding relief in Hunt's Remedy, I continued its use until I had used four bottles, when I became well. Since my cure I have suggested its use to a great number of people, who I know have been benefited by using it." And to substantiate this statement, Mr. H. L. Soper, assistant superintendent of the High School, says: "I can certify to the value of Hunt's Remedy, having received great benefit from its use. My troubles commenced twelve years ago, when my kidneys became inflamed with inflammation of the passages, but the timely use of so valuable a medicine arrested the disease. I can now cheerfully recommend it to all suffering as I was."

A RUBBER BAG.

This most remarkable statement was made by Mr. Frank B. Lee, clerk in the office of N. Y. C. & H. R. R., Little Falls, N. Y

Mitchell street. Place Rhodes, 8 W. Mitchell St.

